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Underground



bomb

coldwar

125 2 6

Chapter 1 by Potato King

The wind felt good on his face. The clouds hung above him, and he saw those thin, white, seemingly weightless pieces of silk. He was flying into the sunset.

He was also flying toward America, of course. He was moving from Britain because his dad had to work in the USA. Britain was devastated from WWII, of course. But the thought of moving to a country that was in the heat of the Cold War made his stomach queasy, but for just this moment, he could almost, only just almost, forget that he was moving to USA.

"John! Dinnertime!" Yelled his mom.

"Okay, I'm coming! In ten minutes!" Replied John.

He could hear his mom sigh, but he really didn't care.

"If I die when the Commies drop the bomb, it's all my parents' fault." Thought John.

As he headed back inside he couldn't help thinking about how he'll be stepping foot on American soil tomorrow. and that he would be home.

"I don't want to move!"

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Chapter 2 by kingone

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"Come over here, John. Can you see that?"

John's father, Edward, was excitedly pointing out the window to the west. It was the happiest he'd been since they departed from Liverpool. John moved over to his side and as he squinted his eyes against the bright horizon, he could just barely make out a thin figure sticking out of the seemingly endless ocean.

"That's the Statue of Liberty welcoming us to America", Edward said with a chuckle. "We'll be checking in on Ellis Island in an hour or two, and then, once we have our documents ready, we'll be free to go wherever we want. Isn't it amazing?"

John wasn't amazed. Without a word, he hopped down from the window seat and returned to his book that he'd left on the table. His father looked at him with a concerned frown.

"John, I know you're missing your friends from school and all. This is a big change for all of us. You, me, mom. We all have friends we wish we could bring with us to America. But this is a good change. I promise!"

John answered angrily without looking up from his book. "I don't want to bring my friends. I don't want to bring anyone! Why can't we just stay in Liverpool?"

"Listen, young man!" Edward snapped, his happy mood gone in an instant. "You know very well why we can't stay. There's no work in Liverpool, and there's not going to be any work there for years to come. The Nazis saw to that. There are no factories intact, no shipyards, no nothing!"

John remained quiet. He knew there was nothing in this world that could change his father's mind when he'd decide on something. Today was going to be John's first day on a new and unfamiliar continent, and he wasn't looking forward to it.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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